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IN VACATION.

Indirect Accusation.—A negro was called upon to give evidence in a burglary case against a prisoner.

"Do you call him a thief?" threateningly demanded counsel for the defense.

"Im not going to say he's a thief, sah, but what I says is dis: If I was a chicken and I saw dat nigger loafin' aroun', I'd roost high—dat's all!"—The Lawyer and Banker.

But Half True.—Unfortunately we've mislaid the judge's name, but his courtroom is in New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Before him appeared a defendant who, hoping for leniency, pleaded:

"Judge, I'm down and out."

Whereupon said the wise judge:

"You're down, but you're not out. Six months."—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Speed Limit to Constitutional Guarantees.—Joy Rider (stopped by rural constable)—"Haven't we got any rights left in 'this country? Doesn't the constitution guarantee us life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?"

Constable—"It don't guarantee no man the pursuit of happiness at ninety miles an hour."—The Chicago Medical Recorder

M. D. in the Language of Booze.—On the prosecution of a defendant for selling liquor in a prohibition county of Georgia, the defence was that the sale was made on the prescription of a physician for sickness. When the paper was put in evidence, it called for a quart, and was given by a gentleman who loved the article himself. "Let me see that paper," said the judge. It was handed him, and he read it aloud from the bench. "Let the bearer have one quart of whisky for sickness. John Johnson, M. D." "Yes," said the judge, "'M. D.'" in the morning means mighty dry, and in the evening it means mighty drunk.